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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

Date of the first known Edition 1661

(From the B.M. copy)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Tom Tyler and his Wife

[c. 1551 (Kirkman)]

This facsimile is from Kirkman's edition of 1661, *a copy of which is in the British Museum; another example is in the Dyce collection at South Kensington.*

This edition is the only one extant. The title-page says it was "printed and acted (a suggestive inversion of the usual custom: but see infra*) about a hundred years ago," i.e. in, say,* 1551. *There is no other trace of its having been either acted, printed, or even licensed; and whether Kirkman's was really a "second," or even a "first," or "third" impression is doubtful. The only evidence is that Baker ("Biographica Dramatica,"* 1764) *schedules "Tome Tylere and his Wyfe . . . . Anon. 4to.* 1598," *which suggests an intermediate impression between it and Kirkman's "second" to the "first," c.* 1551. *The entry is reproduced without change in the second and third editions of "Biographica Dramatica." On the other hand, Ritson ("Ancient Songs,"* 130) *seemingly quotes it as "first printed in* 1578." *According to this, four editions are suggested:—*

(1)	*The First (suggested by Kirkman)*	*c.* 1551.
(2)	*The Second (mentioned by Ritson)*	1578.
(3)	*The Third (quoted by Baker)*	1598.
(4)	*The Fourth (the only one extant)*	1661.

We know the fourth, which "fathers" the first; Collier, Dyce, Ward and others accept the second date; Halliwell follows the third: that is the record. On the other hand, it may be stated that there is no mention of the play in the advertisement lists of Rogers and Leys for 1656, *but in Archer's for the same year, five years prior to Kirkman's edition of the play, appears "Tom tyler, C," but with no mention of date.*

Since Kirkman's "second impression" the play was first reprinted typographically by Prof. Schelling in 1900, *and next by "The Early English Drama Society." It is now for the first time reproduced in facsimile.*

The authorship is unknown and suggestions are few. Baker, assigning no reason, attributed the play to W. Wager, the author of "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool thou Art," but in truth, in both plays, there is little internal evidence to guide to decision.

A Bibliographical interest attaches to Kirkman's "True, perfect, and exact Catalogue" of all dramatic literature "ever yet printed and published till this present year 1661." *Believing that subscribers will welcome this also in facsimile, I am including it with the present issue as an integral part of the original.*

The original is badly printed and stained: this facsimile is a faithful reproduction of a poor copy.

JOHN S. FARMER.

TOM TYLER
AND
His Wife.
AN EXCELLENT OLD
PLAY,
AS
It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the playes that were ever yet printed.

The ſecond Impreſſion.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1661.

The names of the Players.

Deſtinie, A ſage Parſon.
Deſire, The Vice.
Tom Tyler, A labouring Man.
Strife, *Tom Tylers* Wife.
Sturdie, A Goſſip.
Typple, An Ale-wife.
Tom Tayler, An Artificer.
Patience, A ſage Parſon.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie firſt in humble wiſe fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To repreſent, and eke to make report,
That after me you ſhall hear merrie ſport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
I mean a play ſet out by prettie boyes.
Whereto we crave your ſilence and good will,
To take it well: although he wanted skill
That made the ſame ſo perfectly to write,
As his good will would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,
For preſently yee ſhall have it in ſight.
Nor in my head ſuch cunning doth conſiſt,
They ſhall themſelves declare it as they liſt.
But my good will I promiſed them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,
To make them room, and ſilence as you may,
Which being done, they ſhall come in to play.

Here entreth in Deſtinie and Deſire.

I Repreſent the part that men report,
To be a plague to men in many a ſort.
Deſtinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,
In wedding or hanging am taken for a ſo,
Where as indeed the truth is nothing ſo.
Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,
The praiſe or diſpraiſe ought not to be mine.
Deſire. I am glad I met you.
Deſtinie. Whither ſet you?
Deſire. I ſet I tell you true, to ſeek and ſee you,
To tell you ſuch newes, as I cannot chuſe.
Deſtinie. I pray you what is that?
Deſire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?
Deſtinie. Yes marry, what than?
Deſire. He made ſute to me, his friend for to be,
To get him a wife, to lead a good life.
And ſo I conſented, and was well contented,

To help him to woo, with all I could do.
And married he is.
Destinie. But what for all this ?
Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a shrow,
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.
Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.
Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,
Or your deeds be naughtie, what am I faultie ?
I know no cause why ;
Desire. No more do I.
I did my good will, and though he sped ill,
I care not a Flie.
Destinie. Let them two trie.
They match as they can, the wife and good man,
In wealth or in woe, as matters do go.
And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,
But rather forget them,
Desire. Marry so let them.
For as for my part, though it long to my Art
Mens hearts to inflame, their fancie to frame
When they have obtained, I am not constrained
To do any more.
Destinie. Content thee therefore,
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.
And let us away, as fast as we may,
For fear he come to you.
Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,
That wedding and hanging is destiny.

A Song. I Am a poor Tyler in simple aray,
And get a poor living, but eight pence a day,
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away;
And I cannot help it, she saith ; wot ye why,
For wedding and hanging is destiny.
I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,
At boord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep ; But

But I dare ſay nothing god wot, wot ye why?
For wedding and hanging is deſtiny.
Beſides this unkindneſſe whereof my griefe growes,
I think few Tylers are matcht with ſuch ſhrowes;
Before ſhe leaves brawling, ſhe falls to deal blowes
Which early and late doth cauſe me cry,
That wedding and hanging is deſtiny.
The more that I pleaſe her, the worſe ſhe doth like me,
The more I forbear her, the more ſhe doth ſtrike me,
The more that I get her the more ſhe doth grike me;
Wo worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie
That wedding and hanging is deſtinie.
If I had bëen hanged when I had bëen married,
My torments had ended, though I had miſcarried;
If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;
But now all to lately I feel and crie,
That wedding and hanging is deſtinie.

The ſong ended, Tom Tyler ſpeaketh

T. Tiler. You ſee with what faſhion I plead my paſsions;
By marrying of Strife, which I choſe to my wife,
To leade ſuch a life, with ſorrow and grief,
As I tell you true, is ſo bad for a Jew.
She hath ſuch skill, to do what ſhe will,
To goſſipand to ſwill, when I fare but ill.
I muſt worke fore, I muſt get ſome more,
I muſt ſtill ſend it, and ſhe will ſtill ſpend it,
I pray God amend it, but ſhe doth not intend it.
What ſhould I ſay, but high me away,
And do my worke duly, where ich am paid truly?
For if my wife come, up goeth my bomme,
And ſhe ſhould come hither, and we met together,
I know we ſhall fight, and eke ſcratch and bite.
I therefore will go hie me, and to my worke plie me,
As faſt as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alaſſe ſilly man;
What a huſband have I, as light as a flie?
I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

And I bear the bell; If he pleaſe me not well,
I will take him by the pole, by cocks pretious ſoul
I will make him to toil, when I laugh and ſmile;
I will fare of the beſt, I will ſit and take reſt,
And make him to find all things to my mind.
And yet ſharp as the wind, I will uſe him unkind,
And fain my ſelf ſick; there is no ſuch trick,
To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.
I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.
At bord and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,
If he look but awry, or caſt a theeps eye:
So ſhall I be ſure, to keep him in ure,
To ſerve like a knave, and live like a ſlave.
And in the mean ſeaſon, I will have my own reaſon;
And no man to controle me, to pil or to pole me,
Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God ſpeed goſſip Strife. Sturdie entreth.

Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and worthie
And ever I thank ye.

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,
Ye are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.
But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,
Let us have ſome chat.

Sturdie. Marry why nat?
For I am come hither, to goſſip together,
For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear ſay.
But I tell you true, I thought not of you,
Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,
With ſpice that is fine, and part ſhall be thine,
If that thou wilt tarrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;
Elſe were I a fool.

Here entreth Tipple, with a pot in her hand, and a piece of Bacon.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule.
A ſight of good gueſſe.

Strife. Never a one leſſe, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good bum, I dare boldly ſay.

Sturdie.

Sturdie. Why had not I come of this tother day?
Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.
Come, where shall we sit? and here is a bit
Of a Gammon of Bacon.
Strife. Well said by Laron.
Sit down even here, and fall to it there:
I would it were better for ye;
As long lives a merry heart as a sorrie.
Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he?
Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.
And where is your good man?
Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abrod for pence.
Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,
Least my good man do misse me.
Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,
If the dolt were mine.
Sturdie. Alas are you so fine!
Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here:
Strife. What and if he did?
Tipple. Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot.
Strife. Now by this pewter pot,
And by this drink I will drink now,
God knows what I think now.
Sturdie. What think you Gossip Strife?
Strife. I had rather then my life,
My husband would come hither,
That we might busk together,
Ye should see how I could tame him.
Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,
If that he were displeased?
Strife. He shall be soon appeased,
If either he gaspeth or gloweth. *Tom Tiler cometh in.*
Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.
Away, by the Masse away, he will us all else fray.
Tom. These summer dales be verie drie.
Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie.
A knave, what dost thou here?
Tom. Ich should have a pot of beer, & go to work again.

Strife.

Strife. Yea knave, ſhall honeſt men
Go hire thee by the day, and thou ſhalt go away,
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee for to know
How faſt the houres go. One, two, and three.
T. Tiler. I pray thee let be. *She beateth him.*
Strife. Four, five and ſix; Lord, that I had ſome ſticks,
I would clapper claw thy bones,
To make you tell your ſtones,
The worſer while I know you;
T. Tiler. Good wife I beſhrew you;
I pray you leave tumbling.
Strife. Yea knave are you mumbling?
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.
T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep me out, *Tom Tiler goeth out.*
From this wicked wife.
Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;
Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no news for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.
Tipple. Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.
Strife. I am half wearie with chiding already.
Sturdie. Keep your brains ſleddie,
And fall to your drinking.
Tipple. Nay fall to ſinging, and let us go dance.
Strife. By my troth chance, and let us begin,
Riſe up goſſips, and I will bring you in.

¶ Here they ſing.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
More morter for Tom Tiler.

As many as match themſelves with ſhrowes, *Strife*
May hap to carrie away the blowes, *ſingeth this ſtaff.*
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,
So many a miſfortune comes and goes,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though

Tipple *ſingeth this ſtaffe.* Though Tilers clime the houſe to tile,
They muſt come down another while,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Though many a one do ſeem to ſmile,
When Geeſe do wink, they mean ſome gile,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Sturdie *ſingeth this ſtaffe.* Though Tom be ſtout, and Tom be ſtrong,
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.
Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,
But teach her Tom another ſong. Here they end ſinging, and Tipple ſpeaketh.
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is dow.
Sturdie. Ye may ſee what it is to meet with a throw.
And now we have ſung this merry fit,
Let us now leave goſſiping yet.
Strife. Hold your peace ſoles, ye have no wit
Fill in and ſpare not, I will in, I care not.
This drink is ipſe, to make us all tipſe.
And now goſſip Sturdie, if I may be ſo worthie,
Half this I drink to you.
Sturdie. The headache will ſting you, I fear me anon,
Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.
Strife. Tipple, What ſay you, will you drink no more?
Tipple. I have tipped ſore I promiſe you plain,
Yet once and no more, have at you again.
Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.
Sturdie. Ho, ho, ho, ho.
Here they ſing again.

Another Song.

The Mill a, the Mill a,
So merily goes the mery Mill a.

LEt us ſip, and let it ſlip,
And go which way it will a,

Let us trip, and let us skip,
And let us drink our fill a.
Take the cup, and drink all up,
Give me the can to fill a:
Every sup, and every cup,
Hold here, and my good will a.
Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,
Now let us Gossip still a:
Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,
Now drink of which you will a.
Round about, till all be out,
I pray you let us swill a:
This jelly grout, is jelly and stout;
I pray you stout it still a.
Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
Good drinkers think none ill a:
Here is your bag, here is your staffe,
We packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and *Tipple* speaketh first.

Tipple. So merily goes the merie mill a;
Hold, here is my can.
Sturdie. Nay I beseech you hart than,
I must depart, therefore adew.
Strife. Then tarrie and take us all with you.
Come Gossips, come. Here they go all in, and *Tom Tiler* cometh out.

T. Tiler. I am a tiler as yourse, a simple man of my de-
(gree,
Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean and drie;
And specially in the Summer time
To pin their tiles, and make their lime,
And tile their houses to keep out rain,
Being well rewarded for my pain.
And where I work by week or day,
I truly earn it and they truly pay;
I would desire no better life;

Except

Except that God would change my wife.
If ſhe were gone, and I were free,
What tiler then were like to mee?
For howſoever I travel, ſhe uſes me like a Jabel,
And goeth from houſe to houſe, as drunk as a mouſe;
Giving and granting, checking and taunting,
Bragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.
And when I come home, ſhe makes me a mome:
And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thumb,
With contrary biting too dear of reciting.
But this is the end, if I could get a friend
Some council to give me, you would not believe me
How glad I would be. Enter *Tom Tayler.*

T. Tailer. The wiſer man he. Tom. Tiler how now?

T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how doſt thou?

Tayler. After the old ſort, in mirth and jolly ſport,
Tayler-like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah ſirra I ſmell you.
You have your hearts eaſe, to do what you pleaſe,
But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

Tayler. Marrie that is well. But what if I have?

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good turn,
While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to ſuch ill fare?

Tayler. In faith I do not care.
But what meaneſt thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in ſome bliſſe, and be rid of my wife.

Tayler. Why are you at ſtrife, what is the cauſe?

T. Tiler. When I come in her clawes,
She guides me for ever; but help me now or never,
As I told thee before,
Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why ſwith knave, what hell ſhould I have?
With a wild evil am I a Devil?
Thou art out of thy wit.

T. Tiler. No bum fay not yet, though I am vext with a (fit
Of a liberal wife, that will ſhorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;
For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.
And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,
Which cannot do well, and therefore meeter for hell,
Then here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain;
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
By words to intreat her, and after to beat her
If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. She is to well schooled with too many shrowes
To receive any blowes, never think so.

Tayler. If she be such a shrow, something at her throw.
Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half.
What will she fight?

T. Tiler. Yea her fingers be very light
And that do I find, her cheeks be so unkind.
Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never.
But fuming and freating, buffeting and beating;
Of this my silly collard.

Tayler. A hoorson dotard. And what dost thou then?

T. Tiler. Like a poor man,
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. Now of mine honestie I like thee thy better.
And wouldest thou let her?

T. Tiler. Yea, and so would you, I tell you true,
If you were in my case.

Tayler. Nay then by Gods grace,
I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive
By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.
Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;
And for thy quarrel I will make speed.
And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Tayler. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What mean you by this?

Tayler. No harm sir I wis.
Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed.

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;
You ſay your wife will fight, her fingers be ſo light;
If ſhe have ſuch delight, I will conjure the ſprite,
If ſhe come nær, while I tarrie here.
Therefore ſtand by, and when thou heareſt me crie,
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I muſt not come nær thée, Here *Tom Tiler* goeth in a while.
Be certain of that.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating.

Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? Enter *Strife*.
When you ſhould be at work, do you loiter and lurk?
Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Nay faith by your favour I will pay you again,
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Yea knave are you ſtriking?

Tayler. Yea whore, are ye gręking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whore I will rule you.

Strife. Yea knave are ye ſo freſh?

Tayler. Yea whoore I will plague your fleſh.

Strife. And I will diſpleaſe thée a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debter.
How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.
Ah knave, wilt thou ſtrike thy wife?

Tayler. Yea marrie, I love this gear alſe.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Kneel down and ask me forgiveneſs then.

Strife. Ah whoorſon knave my bones is ſore.

Tayler. Ah unhappie whore; do ſo then no more.

Strife. I pray thée be ſtill, thou ſhalt have thy will.
I will do ſo no more, I am ſorrie therefore.
I will never more ſtrike, nor proſer the like,
Alas I am killed.

Tayler. Nay thou art ilwilled as thou haſt bęn e-
(ver.

But

But trouble me never, I adviſe thée again.
For I will bain thée then.
Now praiſe at thy parting.

Strife. Wo worth overharting that ever I knew,
I am beaten ſo blew, and my gall is all burſt.
I thought at the firſt he had been a dolt.
But I bridled a Colt of a contrarie hare,
Soure ſauce is now my chear.
Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;
And get me to bed, and dreſſe up my head.
I am ſo ſore beaten with blowes. He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with ſhrowes.
I ſée well enough the Damſel was tough,
And loth for to bend. But I think in the end
I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?
That he may know how all matters do ſtand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here ſir at hand. How now (Tom Tayler?

Tayler. Much ado to quaſh her.
But I beléeve my girds do her grieve,
I dare be bold, ſhe longs not to ſcold,
For uſe her old ſport, in ſuch devilish ſort;

T. Tiler. I pray thée why ſo?

Tayler. I have made her ſo wo, ſo black and ſo blew,
I have changed her hew and made her to bend;
That to her lives end ſhe will never offend
In word nor in déed. Therefore now take héed
She ſtrike thée no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will ſtroke thée therefore;
And Tom God a mercy.

Tayler. She looked arſe verſe at her firſt coming in,
And ſo did begin with lowring of browes,
And fell to fair blowes.
But then I behide me, and ſhe never ſpide me;
What I was I am ſure. Therefore go [illegible]
And get thée to bed, whatſoever ſtand.
And care not a ſtraw, for thou haſt her in awe.

She

She is ſo well beaten, ſhe dare not once threaten,
Nor give thée any ill word at bed and at board,
But grunting and groning, thou ſhalt find her moning
Her piteous caſe with a ſaint Johns face,
I warrant well painted, for I ſtroke till ſhe fainted,
And paid her for all ever,
Till ſhe ſaid ſhe would never be churliſh again.

T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damſel then;
And if I be able, without any fable
I will quit thée.

Tayler. If ſhe croſſebite thée,
Hence forth evermore, beſwinge her therefore,
And kéep her up ſhort, from all her old ſport.
And ſhe will not be ruled, let her be cooled.

T. Tiler. But I dare ſay, ſhe will think of this day,
All her life long.

Tayler. Shall we have then a good ſong,
For joy of this glée betwixt her and thée?

T. Tiler. By my troth if you will, I ſhall fulfil
As much as I can.

Tayler. Let us ſing than
The tying of the Mare, that went out of ſquare.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they ſing.

Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,
Leſt ſhe ſtray from thee away;
Tie the mare Tomboy.

Tom Tiler ſingeth.

TOm might be merrie, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his Mare,
Which is ſo wicked to fling and flie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tailer ſingeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be ſick,
His mare doth prance, his mare doth kick;

She

She snorts and holds her head so hie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hayt, or Tom crie hoe,
His mare will straight give Tom a bloe.
Where she doth bait, Tom shall abie.
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,
I give thée councel to kéep her short.
If she be coltish, make her to crie.
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and *Tom Tayler* first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,
Let her run no more at large.
But now she is so well framed,
If she do ill you must be blamed,
Therefore take good heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indéed.
And I thank you for your pain,
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, *Tom Taylor* goeth in.
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah sirra this is trim, that my wife is cold by him.
I marvel how she fare the matter;
And how she will look when I come at her;
And whether she be well or sick;
For my part I doe not stick
To do my dutie as I ought,
Yet will I never die for thought,
I will go hie me home. *Tom Tyler* goeth in.

Here entereth *Sturdie* and *Tipple*.

Sturdie. Farewell good honest mome.

Tipple

Tipple, How likeſt thou this match?
Wouldſt thou have thought the Patch,
Would have beat his wife ſo black and blew from top to (toe
Being ſuch a ſimple fool?
Tipple. Belike he hath learned in a new ſchool
Whereat I cannot chuſe but laffe,
The ſtill Sow eateth up all the draffe.
Beware of ſuch wily Pies.
Sturdie. But ſhe, an ſhe be wiſe,
Will ſeek ſome way to rock him.
Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the (better.
Sturdie. If ſhe can do ſo, let her;
I dare be bold to ſay, ſhe will do what ſhe may.
Lo here ſhe cometh creeping,
Alas for woe and weeping,
The truth will now appear.
Strife. Alas and well away.

Enter *Strife* fair and ſoftly, wailing and weeping.

Strife. How ill have I been uſed, my bones be all to (bruſed.
My fleſh is plagued vily, and my head is wounded vily.
My arms be back and blew, and all my ſides be new.
Sturdie. Though all this be with you Goſſip, diſcom- (fort never.
Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.
But truſt his hands no more.
Strife. Alas I am ſo ſore,
I can neither ſtand nor ſit but am beſide my wit;
And never well apaid, till that I may be laid
To eaſe me on my bed.
Sturdie. Bind this about your head,
And hardly lay you down, we muſt into the town;
And after that, ſurely then we will come to you again;
And I pray you be of good cheer.
Tipple. I am ſorrie to ſee you here
In ſuch unhappie caſe, but take ſome heart of grace,

God Gossip I pray you,

Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay you
From your business perhaps, but I will take a nap,
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and *Tipple* goeth out, and *Tom Tiler* cometh in.

T. Tiler. I heard say my wife is abominable sick,
Indeed she was beat with an unhappie stick,
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,
That is well said I will get me to bed,
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too nie her,
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,
For using me so,

Strife. Out alas, O, O,
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !
Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,
Why have you done so? I was never your foe,
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.
Alas wherefore should ye beate me a so soare?

T, Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me, (ever,
And Gossip at will, when I must work still.
And take ill your pleasure, and braul without measure
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst Cow,
I come home merrily, when you sit verely
Lowring and pouting, knawing and lowting.
And I was your noddy, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,
Should beare with my folly, and you being holy,
Might councel me, tho not beating me so.
I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,
And not of this minde.
For us to way foes, for such crewel blowes,
I tell you plaine, I married my bane,

When

When I married thee, as far as I ſee.
T. Tiler. Wife I am ſorrie, this ill is befalne ye.
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.
For till this day, I dare boldlie ſay,
I never did proffer you ſuch an offer;
It was your owne ſeeking.
Strife. I beſtrew ſuch ſtriking.
So cloſe by the ribs, you may ſtrike your fibs
So, well enough.
T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe
Need not to be, wife if ye love me,
Let us agree, in love and amitie,
And do ſo no more, I am ſorry therefore,
I take God to my judge, that over this grudge,
Should happen to be, between you and me.
Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone
With half theſe ſtrokes, but curſtneſſe provokes
Kind hearts to diſſever, and hatred for ever
Moſt commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;
While we two have life.
T. Tiler. By my halydome Wife;
Becauſe you ſay ſo, now ſhall ye know
If you will content you, that I do lament you.
For I will tell you true, When I ſaw you
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever croſſebiting,
Which made me ſtill wo, that you ſhould thus do;
At laſt hereafter, I complaind the matter
To Tom Tayler my Maſter, who taking a waſter
Did put on my coat, ſince ye will néeds know it;
And ſo being diſguiſed, he interpriſed
To come in my ſtéed; and having my wéed
You pleading your paſſion after the old faſhion;
Thinking it was I, ſtroke him by and by,
Then ſtraight did he in ſtéed of me,
Currie your bones, as he ſaid for the nones,
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even ſo as you ſay?
Gods ſiſh you Knave, did you ſend ſuch a ſlave
To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?
Thou ſhalt abide as dearlie as I.
I thought by this place, thou hadſt not the face
To beat me ſo ſore. Have at thée once more.
I now war freſh to plague a Knaves fleſh
That hath ſo plagued me. for everie blow thrée.
Be ſure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
Ah whoreſon Dolt thou whorſon ſubtle Colt;
Son of an Ore, how like you your knocks?
The pils and the por, and the poiſon in bor
Conſume ſuch a Knave, and bring him to grave.
The Crowes and the Pies, and the verie fleſh flies
Deſire to plague thée. In faith I will plague thée.
T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thée ſave my life.
You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
For Gods ſake content thee.
Strife. Nay thou ſhalt repent thée.
That ever Tom Tayler, that Ruffian and raller
Was ſet to beat me. he had better he had eat me;
I hope for to find ſome toſſer ſo kind
To currie that Knave. for the old grudge I have,
As now I do thée: there is one more for me.
Kneel down on your knée, you hoddie doddée;
I will make you ſo ſtop though you ſet cock on hop
For love of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
Take that for her ſake, ſome mirth for to make,
Like an aſſe as you be.
T. Tiler. Why ſhould you ſtrike me
For another mans fault?
Strife. Becauſe thou art naught, Enter *Sturdie* and *Tipple*.
And be a vile Knave.
Sturdie. What more can ye have?
Enough is enough, as good as a feaſt.
Strife. Ye ſhall bear me one cuff yet more like a beaſt.
Tipple. Goſſip content thée, and ſtrike him no more.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore.
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her ſight.
T. Tiler. Alas ſhe hath almoſt kild me out right.
I will rather die then ſee her again. Go in *T. Tiler.*
Strife. I promiſe you, I have a great loſſe then,
How like ye now this laſt overthwarting?
It is an old ſaying, praiſe at the parting.
I think I have made the Cullion to wring.
I was not beaten ſo black and blew,
But I am ſure he has as many new.
My heart is well eaſed, and I have my wiſh,
This chaſing hath made me as whole as a fiſh.
And now I dare boldly be merrie again.
Sturdie. By ſaint Mary you are the happier then.
My neighbour and I, might hap to abie,
If we ſhould ſo do, as he ſuffereth you;
But we commend you.
Strife. I can now intend you,
To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my ſtaff,
To dance or to ſing.
Tipple. There were no ſuch thing, after this madneſs.
Sturdie. And ye ſay it in ſadneſs,
Let us ſet in, on a merrie pin.
The ſtorie of the ſtrife, between Tom and his wife,
As well as we can.
Strife. Shall I begin then to ſet you both in?
For I can beſt do it,
Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they ſing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,
The Tylers wife of our Town,
Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

TOm Tiler was a trifeler,
And fain would have the skill

To

To practiſe with *Tom Tayler*,
To break his Wives will.
Tom Tayler got the victorie,
Will *Tylers* Wife did know,
It was a point of ſubtilitie;
Then *Tom* was beat for two.
Thomas Tilers Wife ſaid evermore
I will full merrie make,
And never truſt a man no more
For *Thomas Taylers* ſake.
But if *Tom Tiler* give a ſtroke,
Perhaps it be be ſtout.
He ſhall then have his collard broke,
Till blood go round about.
Though ſome be cheep, yet ſome be ſhrowes,
Let them be fools that luſt:
Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,
No more then needs ſhe muſt.
If *Tom* be wiſe, he will beware,
Before he make his match,
To do no further then he dare,
For fear he prove a Patch.

Here they end ſinging.

Strife. Goſſips, godlige for this mrerie ſong;
Pray God we man long keep ſuch merrie glee.
Sturdie. Be marrie ſay we,
God grant all wives, to lead the like lives
That you do now.
Tipple. I know not how that may come to paſſe,
But by the maſſe, good handling doth much.
Strife. For a fair touch my will ſhall not want.
Sturdie. Would God I could plant,
My eye-lids in ſuch ſort, to make ſuch a ſport,
And live ſo at eaſe, to do what I pleaſe.
Tipple. Alwaies the Hens
Be not like mild, but wanton and wild
Sometime more higher, then need ſhall require;
So may the hap be with you and withme.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,
And let us away, for I dare say,
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;
But all is one.
Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.
Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and *Tom Tayler*, *Tom Tiler*, and *Destinie* enter.

T. Tiler. If *Destinie* drive poor *Tom* for to live.
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;
Then *Tom* may complain, no more to remain
Here on the earth, but rather wish death.
For this is too bad.
Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?
T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.
After the old fashion, pleading on passion
If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.
If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.
Destinie. Nor I cannot stay it.
For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlorn.
Therefore content thee, and never repent thee.
T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.
For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,
With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes
I thought she would die.
T. Tiler. Then happie were I.
Tayler. And a good cause why,
But you may now go for bacon to Dunmo.
T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;
How long and how my life shall it passe.
Tayler. Why foolish asse, that were but a follie.
For he is too hollie to tell any news.
Destinie. I do not use, to tell ore I strike,
I suddenly gleek, ore men be aware.
Tayler. Then I can declare if I look in thy hand,
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye liſt.
Tayler. By my troth I will it, and have not miſt it.
He ſtriketh him on the cheek.
By the ſign that here goes, you are born to take blowes.
Marrie, let me lok again.
Tom Tyler. Nay beſhrew my heart then.
Tayler. Aske Deſtinie hereby, and I make a lie.
Deſtinie. No, you do not indeed.
T. Tyler. Then I will change my weed,
And tyle it no more, if my chance be ſo ſore,
As you two doe make it.
Deſtiny. We do not miſtake it,
Thereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,
Five foot from the ground, ye ſhall never be drownd.
So if you be borne, to hold with the horne,
How ſoever your wife ſet it, you cannot let it.
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,
Take this for verity, all is but your deſtiny.
And though your deedes prove naught,
Yet am I not in fault.
T. Tiler. Then let me be taught, how to eſchew,
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.
Deſtiny. Yea, but who can inſtruct you thereon?
For all is no more then I have ſaid before.
But howſoever it be, learn this of me,
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,
It ſhall never grieve you.
Tayler. No faith, I believe you,
That is even all. He that loves thrall,
It were pitie he ſhould lack it.
T. Tyler. Then I muſt pack it
Between the coat and the skin,
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with Strife,
Hap good hap, will, hap good, hap evil;
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.

Tayler. That is a wiſe way.
Never ſet at thy heart, thy wives churliſh part,
That ſhe ſets at her heel, ſuch ſorrows to feel.
It would grieve any Saint. Enter *Strife.*
Strife. Take a penſil, and paint your words in a table,
That the foole may be able to know what to doe.
Deſteny. Here is one comes to woo,
By the Maſſe I will not tary. *Deſteny goeth in.*
Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,
To ſtand prating withknaves.
Tayler. Mark how ſhe raves, ſhe longues for a whip.
Strife. Ye faith good man blabberlip.
You prickloufe knave you, have you nothing to do
At home with your ſhreds? a prayer of wiſe heads
I promiſe you you have. But you doltiſh knave,
Come home, or I will fetch you.
Tayler. Now a halter ſtretch you.
And them that ſent you. *Enter Patience.*
Pacience. Good friendes, I pray you content you.
Whence cometh this ſtrife, I pray thee good wife?
Be patient for all.
Strife. And ſhall the knave braul
And make diſcord to be, betweene my husband and me.]
Pacience. Why how are you he
That ſetteth debate, and diſpoſed to prate?
I pray you be ſtill.
Tayler. Marry with a good will.
As God ſhall ſave me, I did behave me
As well as might bee, as theſe folkes did ſee.
Till this gigiſh dame, into this place came
But ſhe is too too bad.
Patience. And I count him mad,
That for any fit, will compare his wit,
And with a foolish woman to wander,
He is as wiſe as a Gander.
You are too much to blame, and you to for ſhame,
Leave your old canker, and let your ſheet anker

Be alwayes to hold, where I patience am hold
If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,
It doth not agree, though Deſteny be
Unfriendly to ſome, as he hits all that come,
In wealth and in wo, I am ſure you know,
There ſhould be no ſtrife, betweene man and wife
And thus my tale endes, I would haue you all friends
And I would haue Tom tayler to be no rayler,
Nor Tom tyler to chide, which I cannot abide.
Nor his wife for to ſhew, any prankes of a ſhrew.

T. Tyler. Ich would god it were ſo, for I bid the wo.
Ich with it for my part, euen with all my heart.
For howſoeuer it goes, I beare the blowes,
Which I tell you I like not.

Tayler. Though I chide, I ſtrike not,
Your Maſterſhip doth ſee.

Strife. I beſhrew his knaues heart, that laſt ſtroke me.

Patience. Well once againe let this fooliſhneſs be.
And as I told you, ſo I pray you hold you,
For I will not away, till I ſet ſuch a ſtay,
To make you gree friendly, that now chafe unkindly.
Come on Strife I finde, your churliſh kinde.
You muſt needes bridle, if it be poſſible,
For els it were vaine, to take any paine.
Take Tom by the fiſt, and let me ſee him kiſt.

Strife. If Patience intreat me,
I will though Tom beate me,

T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.

Patience. Nay whither away prank you?
Tom Tayler alſo, ſhall you kiſſe ere you go,
And ſee you be friends.

Strife. I would be had kiſt both the endes.

Tayler. Nay, there a boate coale
Patience. Now ſee this wilde Foale.
Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I ſtay you.
And Deſteny to thee, thou muſt alſo agree,
As well as the reſt.

Enter *Deſteny*

Deſteny

Deſtenie. I think it ſo beſt.
Be you agreed all?
All ſpeak. We are, and we ſhall.
Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,
And I will lead the dance.
Come ſing after me, and look we agree.

Now ſpeak altogether, except *Patience.*

Here they ſing this Song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,
Where Folly beateth to break their brawll,
Where wills be wilfull, and Fortune thrall,
A patient party perſwadeth all.

Though Strife be ſturdy to move debate,
As ſome unworthy have done of late.
And he that worſt may the candel carry,
If Patience pray thee, do never varry.

If froward Fortune hap ſo awrie,
To make thee marry by Deſtenie,
If fits unkindly do move thy mood,
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure,
It will be better thou mayeſt be ſure,
In wealth or woe, howſoever it ends,
Whereſoever ye go, be patient Friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and ſingeth this Song following all alone with inſtruments, and all the reſt within ſing between every ſtaffe, the firſt two lines.

The concluding Song.

When ſorrowes be great, and hap awry,
Let Reaſon intreat thee patiently.

A Song.

Though pinching be a priſtie pain,
To want deſire that is but vain.
Though ſome be curſt, and ſome be kind
Subdue the worſt with patient mind.

Who ſits ſo hie, who ſits ſo low?
Who feels ſuch joy, that feels no wo?
When bale is bad, good boot is ny
Take all adventures patiently.

To marrie a wife, to marrie a throw,
To meet with a friend to meet with a foe,
Theſe checks of chance can no man ſtie,
But God himſelf that rules the skie.

Which God preſerve our Noble Queen,
From perilous chance that hath been ſeen,
And ſend her Subjects grace ſay I.
To ſerve her Highneſſe patiently.

God ſave the Queen.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Senelesse: all by
ye laſt Sentence

A True, perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastorals, Masques and Interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1661, all which you may either buy or sell at the several shops of *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in *Cornhil*, *Francis Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers Head*, on the Back-side of St. *Clements*, *Tho Johnson* at the Golden Key in St. *Pauls* Churchyard, and *Henry Marsh* at the Princes Arms in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*, 1661.

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A

Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.	
Will. Shakeſpeare	AS You like it.	C
Will. Shakeſpeare	Alls well that ends well.	C
Will. Shakeſpeare	Anthony & Cleopater.	T
Lord Sterling	Alexandrian Tragedy.	T
Lord Brooks	Alaham.	T
Geo. Peele	Alphonſus Emp. of Germany.	T
John Webſter	Appius and Virginia.	T
Ja. Shirley	Arcadia.	P
Will. Rowly	Alls loſt by luſt.	T
Rich. Brome	Antipodes.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Albovine.	T
Hen. Glapthorne	Albertus Wallenſtein.	T
Hen. Glapthorne	Argalus and Parthenia.	P
Shak. Marmion	Antiquary.	C
Tho. Randoll	Ariſtippus.	I
Tho. Randoll	Amintas.	C

Names of the Authors.	Names of the Playes.	
	Arden of Feverſham.	T
Cyryll Tourneur	Atheiſts Tragedy	T
John Jones	Adraſta.	C
Nat. Field	Amends for Ladies.	C
Dr. Maine.	Amorous War.	C
Rob. Cox	Acteon and Diana.	I
Torquato Taſſo	Aminta.	P
John Studly	Agamemnon.	T
Sir John Suckling	Aglaura.	TC
Leonard Willan	Aſtrea.	P
Tho. May	Antigone.	T
Lod. Carlile	Arviragus & Philicia, 1ſt. part.	TC
Lod. Carlile	Arviragus & Philicia, 2d. part.	TC
John Marſton	Antonio and Melida.	T
John Marſton.	Antonio and Melida.	T
Tho. May	Agrippina.	T
E. W.	Apollo Shroving.	C

John Lilly	Alexander and Campaſpe.	C	*R. C.*	Alphonſus King of Arragon.	H
	Alburnazar.	C		Alarum for London.	H
Henry Porter	Angry women of Abington.	C	*R. B.*	Appius and Virginia.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Alchumiſt.	C		Andromana.	T
T. Lupton.	All for money.	T	*Bernard*	Andrea in Terence.	C
Geo. Chapman	All fooles.	C		Adelphus in Ter.	C
Nic. Trotte	Arthur.	T		Abrahams Sacrifice.	
Will. Shakeſpeare	The Arraignment of Paris.	P		Albion.	I
La. Pembrook	Antonius.	T			
	Albions Triumph	M			

B

John Fletcher	BEggars Buſh.	C	*Geo. Chapman*	Byrons conſpiracy.	H
John Fletcher	Bonduca.	T	*Geo. Chapman*	Byrons Tragedy.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Bartholmew Fair	C	*John Ford*	Broaken heart.	T
	Baſtard.	T	*Tho. Nabs*	Bride.	C
John Fletcher	Bloody Brother.	T	*T. D.*	Bloudy Banquet.	T
Ja. Shirley	Bird in a Cage.	C	*Sir John Suckling*	Brenoralt.	T
Ja. Shirley	Ball.	C		The Battel of Alcazar.	T
Ja. Shirley	Brothers.	C			
Tho. Heywood	Brazen Age.	C	*John Day*	The blind Beggar ofBednal green	C
Phil. Maſſinger	Bondman.	C			
Phil. Maſſinger	Baſhfull lover.	C	*Tho. Middleton*	Blurt Mr. Conſtable.	C
Geo. Chapman	Blind beggar of Alexandria.	C		Band Ruff & cuff.	I
Geo. Chapman	Buſſy D'Amboys.	T	*Howard*	Blind Lady.	C
Geo. Chapman	Buſſy D'Amboys Revenge.	T	*Sir W. D'Avenant*	Britannia Triumphans.	M
				Bottom the weaver.	I

C

Will. Shakeſpeare	COmedy of Errors.	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*	Cymbeline.	T
Will. Shakeſpeare	Coriolanus.	T	*John Fletcher*	Cuſtome of the Country.	C

John

John Fletcher	Captain.	C
John Fletcher	Coxcomb.	C
John Fletcher	Chances.	C
Dr. Mayne	City Match.	C
Lord Sterling	Crœsus.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Chriſtmas his Mask.	M
Ben. Johnſon	Cloridia, rites to Cloris.	M
Midleton & Rowly	Changling.	C
John Fletcher	Cupids revenge.	T
Ia. Shirley	Changes, or love in a Maze.	C
Ia. Shirley	Chabot Admirall of France.	T
Ia. Shirley	Conſtant Maid.	C
Ia. Shirley	Coronation.	C
Ia. Shirley	Cardinal.	T
Ia. Shirley	Court ſecret.	C
Tho. Heywood	Chalenge for beauty.	C
Tho. Middleton.	Chaſt maid in Cheapſide.	C
Alex. Brome	Cunning lovers.	C
Rich. Brome	Court Beggar.	C
Rich. Brome	City wit.	C
Geo. Chapman	Cæſar & Pompey	T
Sir W. D'Avenant	Cruel Brother.	T
Tho. Goffe	Courageous Turk	T
Ant. Brewer	Country girle.	C
Dawbourne	Chriſtian turn'd Turk.	T
Tho. Nabs	Covent garden.	C
	Charles the 1ſt.	T
Tho. Goffe	Careleſſe Shepardeſſe.	TC
	Cupids Whirligigg.	C
John Kirke	Champions of Chriſtendome.	H
Ia. Shirley	Cupid and Death	M
	Combat of Caps.	M
Shotard.	Committe-man	C
Rob. Mead.	Combat of Love and Friendſhip.	C
	Coſtly Whore.	C
Tho. Killigrew.	Claracilla.	TC
Tho. May	Cleopatra.	T
Sam. Daniel	Cleopatra.	T
Tho. Carew	Cœlum Britannicum.	M
Joſ. Rutter	Cid 1ſt. part.	TC
Joſ. Rutter	Cid 2d. part.	TC
Earl of Newcaſtle	Country Captain	C
Geo. Sands	Chriſts Paſſion.	T
Will. Shakeſpeare	CromwelsHiſtory	H
John Swallow	Cynthia's Revenge.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Cynthia's Revels	C
Ben. Johnſon	Catilines conſpiracy.	T
Tho. Preſton	Cambiſes King of Perſia.	TC
Tho. Kyd	Cornelia.	T
Phil. Maſſenger	The City Madam	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru.	M
Ben. Johnſon	TheCaſe is altred	C
	Cæſar's Revenge.	T
	Cyrus King of Perſia.	T
Rob. Wilſon	TheCoblers propheſie.	C
Nat. Woods	Conflict of conſcience.	P
Rob. Faunce	The Counteſſe of Pembrooks Ivy-church.	P
	Crafty Cromwel	T
	Cromwel's conſpiracy.	T
	Cruel Debtor.	C
	Comons conditions.	C
Webſter & Rowly.	Cure for a Cuckold.	C

John

D

John Fletcher	Double marriage.	C
Lord Sterling	Darius.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Divel is an Aſſe.	C
Ia. Shirley	Dukes Miſtreſſe.	TC
Ia. Shirley	Doubtful heir.	TC
Phil. Maſſinger	Duke of Millain.	T
Rich. Brome	Damoyſelle.	C
John Webſter	Divels Law caſe.	TC
John Webſter	Dutcheſſe of Malfy.	T
Chr. Marloe	Doctor Fauſtus.	T
Tho. Ingelend	Diſobedient child.	I
Geo. Peele	David and Bathſabe.	TC
Lewis Machin	Dumb Knight.	C
Tho. Heywood	Dutches of Suff.	H
John Tateham	Diſtracted State.	T
John Marſton	Dutch Courtezan	C
	Darius Story.	I
Barnabe Barnes	The Devils charter.	T
	Doctor Dodipol.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Drakes Hiſtory 1ſt. part.	M
Marloe and Naſh	Dido Queen of Carthage.	T
	Damon and Pythias.	H
Lod. Carlile	The Deſerving Favourite.	TC
Rob. Baron	Deorum Dona.	M
	Dick Scorner.	
	Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.	
	Don Quixot, or the Knight of the ill-favoured countenance.	C

E

John Fletcher	Elder Brother.	C
Ia. Shirly	Example.	C
Tho. Heywood	Engliſh Traveller	C
	Edward the 4th. 1ſt. part.	C
	Edward the 4th. 2d. part.	C
Phil. Maſſinger	Emperour of the Eaſt.	C
Chr. Marloe	Edward the 2d.	
Tho. Nabs	Entertainment on the Princes Birth day.	T I
Chapman, Johnſon	Eaſtward hoe.	C
Geo. Peele	Edward the 1ſt.	H
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeths troubles, 1ſt. part.	H
Tho. Heywood	Elizabeths trouble, 2d. part.	H
T. R.	Extravrgant Shepheard.	C
John Lilly	Endimion.	C
Ben. Johnſon	Every man in his humour.	C
Ben. Johnſon	Every man out of his hu-	C

C. W.	Electra of Sophicles.	T
	Edward the 3d.	H
Rich. Brome	The EngliſhMoor or the Mock-marriage.	C
	Every Woman in her humour.	C
	Interlude of Youth.	I
Sir Will. Lower	The Enchanted Lovers.	P
	Enough's as good as a Feaſt.	
Bernard	Eunuchus in Terence.	C

F

John Fletcher	FOur Playes in one.	C
John Fletcher.	Faithfull Shepardeſſe.	P
John Fletcher	Fair Maid of the Inne.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fair Maid of the Weſt, 1ſt. part.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fair Maid of the Weſt, 2d. part.	C
Tho. Heywood	Fortune by land and Sea.	C
Tho. Heywood	Four London Prentices.	H
Phil. Maſſinger	Fatal dowry.	T
Midleton & Rowly	Fair Quarrel.	TC
Iohn Ford	Fancies.	C
Shak. Marmion	Fine companion.	C
	Fleire.	C
	Fair Maid of the Exchange.	C
Will. Strode	Floating Iſland.	C
Robert Green	Frier Bacon.	C
	Fair Em.	C
John Marſton	Fawne.	C
	Faithful Shepheard.	P
John Fletcher	Falſe one.	T
	Fatal Union.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Fortunate Iſles.	M
	Flowers.	M
Ben. Johnſon	Fox.	C
Tho. Iordan	Fancies Feſtivals.	M
Lod. Carlile	The Fool would be a favourite, or the diſcreet Lover.	TC
Geo. Gerbier D'ouvilly	The Falſe Favourite diſgrac'd.	TC
Will. Hemings	The Fatal contract.	T
Tho. Norton	Ferex and Porex.	T
Tho. Middleton	Family of Love.	C
Tho. Decker	Fortunatus.	C
	Freewill.	T
Gilb. Swinhoe	The Fair Irene.	T
Rich. Fanſhaw	The Faithfull Shepheard.	P
	Fair Maid of Briſtow.	
	Fidele and Fortunata.	
	Fulgius & Lucrel.	

G

Will. Shakeſpeare	Gentlemen of Verona.	C		Ghoſt.	C
				Gentle Craft.	C
Ia. Shirly	Gameſter.	C		Gyles Gooſe cap.	C
Ia. Shirly	Gentleman of Venice.	TC	*Abr. Cowly*	Guardian.	C
			Sir John Suckling	Goblins.	C
Ia. Shirley	Gratefull Servant.	C	*John Lilly*	Gallathea.	C
			Mr. S. Mr. of Art	Gammer Gurtons needle.	C
Tho. Heywood	Golden Age.	H			
Phil. Maſſinger	Great Duke of Florence.	C	*Geo. Gaſcoign*	The Glaſſe of Government.	TC
Phil. Maſſinger	Guardian.	C	*Geo. Chapman*	The Gentleman Uſher.	C
Tho. Middleton	Game at cheſſe.	C			
John Cook	Greens tu quoque.	C	*Rob. Baron*	Gripus & Hegio. Guiſe.	P

H

Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 4th 1ſt. part.	H	*Ben. Johnſon*	Honor of Wales.	M
			Ia. Shirley	Hide park.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 4th. 2d. part.	H	*Ia. Shirley*	Humorous Courtier.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 5th.	H	*Geo. Chapman*	Humorous dayes mirth.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 6th. 1ſt. part.	H	*Tho. Decker*	Honeſt Whore, 1ſt. part.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 6th. 2d. part.	H	*Tho. Decker*	Honeſt Whore, 2d. part.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 6th. 3d. part.	H	*Hen. Glapthorn*	Hollander.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Henry the 8th.	H	*Shak. Marmion*	Hollands League.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Hamlet.	T			
John Fletcher	Humorous Lieutenant.	C	*Tho. Nabs*	Hannibal and Scipio.	T
	Hero & [illegible] for	C		Hieronimo 2. part	T

	Hiſtriomaſtix.	C		Henry the 5th. with the battel of Agencourt.	H
Markham & Sampſon	Herod and Antipater.	T			
	How to chooſe a good wife from a bad.	TC	*S. S.*	The Honeſt Lawyer.	C
Sir W. Lower	Horatius.	T	*Ioh. Day*	Humour out of breath.	C
Tho. Randoll	Hey for honeſty, down with knavery.	C	*W. Smith*	The Hector of Germany.	H
Tho. May	Heire.	TC		Hieronymo 1ſt. part.	T
Iaſper Heywood	Hercules furiens.	T			
John Studly	Hyppolitus.		*Rob. Taylor*	Hog hath loſt his pearl.	C
John Studly	Hercules Oetus.	T			
Edmond Preſtwich	Hyppolitus.	T	*Sam. Daniel*	Hymens Triumph.	P
	Hectors or falſe chalenge.	T C	*Bernard*	Heauton. in Ter.	C
			Ja. Shirley	Honoria & Mamon	

I

Will. Shakeſpear	John King of England.	H	*Geo. Giſcoign*	Jocaſta.	T
			Rob. Davenport	John and Matilda	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Julius Cæſar.	T	*Fra. Goldſmith*	Joſeph.	T
John Fletcher	Iſland Princeſſe.	C		Jacob and Eſau.	C
Lord Sterling	Julius Cæſar.	T	*Tho. Deckar*	If this be'nt a good play, the Divel's in't.	C
Coſmo Manuch.	Juſt General.	T			
Ja. Shirley	Impoſture.	TC			
Tho. Heywood	Iron age Firſt part.	TC H	*Tho. Middleton*	The Inner Temple Mask.	M
Tho. Heywood	Iron age, Second part.	H		Jack Strawes life and death.	H
Rich. Brome	Jovial crew.			James the 4th.	H
Sir W. D'Avenant	Juſt Italian.	C	*Will. Shakeſpear*	John K. of England 1ſt. part.	H
Chr. Marloe	Jew of Malta.	TC			
Tho. Randoll	Jealous Lovers.	T	*Will. Shakeſpear*	John K. of England 2d. part.	H
Sr. Ralph Freeman	Imperiale.	C			
John Marſton	Inſatiate Counteſſe.	T		Ioſephs afflictions	
		T		Jack Jugler.	
	Jack Drums entertainment.	T		Impatient poverty.	
Jo. Day	Iſle of Guls.			John Evangeliſt.	

Iohn

K

John Fletcher	King and no King	C
John Fletcher	Knight of the burning peſtle.	C
John Fletcher	Knight of Malta.	C
Ben. Johnſon	Kings Entertainment at Welbeck.	M
J. D.	Knave in grain.	C
	King and Queens entertainment at Richmond.	M
	Knight of the Golden ſhield.	H
	Knack to know an honeſt man.	C
	Knack to know a Knave.	C

L

Will. Shakeſpeare	Loves Labour loſt.	C
John Fletcher	Little French Lawyer.	C
John Fletcher	Loyal Subject.	C
John Fletcher	Lawes of Candy.	C
John Fletcher	Lovers progreſs.	C
John Fletcher	Loves Cure, or the Martial maid	C
John Fletcher	Loves pilgrimage.	C
	Loſt Lady.	TC
Ben. Johnſon	Loves triumph.	M
Ben. Johnſon	Loves welcome.	M
Peaps	Love in its extaſie.	P
Coſmo Manuch	Loyal lovers.	TC
Ja. Shirley	Loves cruelty.	T
Ja. Shirley	Lady of pleaſure.	C
Tho. Heywood	Loves Miſtreſſe.	M
Sir W. D'Avenant	Love and honour	C
John Ford	Lovers melancholy.	T
John Ford	Lovesſacrifice.	T
John Ford	Ladies triall.	C
Hen. Glapthorne	Ladies priviledge	C
Ant. Brewer	Loveſick King.	TC
	Landagartha.	TC
	Loves Loadſtone.	C
	Lingua.	C
	Loves dominion.	P
Abra. Cowly	Loves Riddle.	P
Rob. Gomerſall	Lod. Sforza.	T
Heywood & Brome	Lancaſter Witches.	C
Will. Shakeſpeare	Leir & his three daughters.	T
W. Cartwright	Lady Errant.	TC
R. W.	Three Lords and Ladies of London.	C

Chri-

Chr. Marloe	Luſts Dominion, or the Laſcivious Queen.	T	*Rich. Brome*	The Love-ſick Court, or the Ambitious politick.	C
Ulpian Fulwel	Like will to like, quoth the Divel.	I		The London Chaunticleers.	C
R. Wever.	Luſty Juventus.	I		Look about you,	C
R. W.	The three Ladies of London.	C		or run Red caps.	
John Tatham	Love crowns the end.	TC		Leir and his three daughters.	H
Will. Shakeſpeare	The London prodigal.	C	*Tho. Lodge and Rob Green.*	A Looking-glaſſe for London, &c.	H
Ioh. Day	Law tricks, or who would have thought it?	C		Liberality and Prodigality.	C
W. S.	Locrine Eldeſt ſon to K. Brutus.	T		Lady Almony.	C
				Luminalia.	M
VV. Chamberlaine	Loves victory.	C		Lawes of Nature.	C
Tho Meriton	Love and war.	T			
John Lilly	Loves Metamorphoſis.	C			

M

Will. Shakeſpear	MErry wives of Windſor.	C	*John Fletcher*	Maid in the mill.	C
			John Fletcher	Mask of Grayes Inne Gent.	M
Will. Shakeſpear	Meaſure for meaſure.	C	*Ben. Iohnſon*	Magnetick Lady.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Much adoe about nothing.	C	*Ben. Iohnſon*	Mask at my Lord Hayes houſe.	M
Will. Shakeſpear	Midſomer nights dream.	C	*Ben. Iohnſon*	Metamorphoſed Gipſies.	M
Will. Shakeſpear	Merchant of Venice.	C	*Ben. Johnſon*	Mask of Augurs.	M
Will. Shakeſpear	Mackbeth.	T	*Ben. Iohnſon*	Mask of Owles.	M
Iohn Fletcher		C	*Ben. Iohnſon*		T

Lord Brooke	Mustapha.	T
	Marcus Tullius Cicero.	T
Barten Holiday	Marriage of the Arts.	C
John Fletcher	Monsieur Thomas.	C
John Fletcher	Maids Tragedy.	T
Ja. Shirley	Maids Revenge.	T
Hen. Shirley	Martyr'd souldier.	T
Tho. Heywood	Maidenhead well lost.	C
Phil. Massinger	Maid of honour.	C
Tho. Middleton.	Mad world my masters.	C
Will. Rowly	Match at midnight.	C
Tho. Middleton	Michaelmas Term	C
Rich. Brome	Mad couple well match'd.	C
Geo. Chapman	Monsieur D'Olive.	C
Tho. Decker	March me in London.	C
Will. Shakespear	Merry Divel of Edmonton.	C
Will. Shakespear	Lucidorus.	C
Tho. Nabs	Microcosmus.	M
Tho. Randll	Muses Looking-glasse.	C
John Mason	Muleasses the Turk.	T
	Mercurius Britannicus.	C
Geo. Wilkins	Miseries of enforced matriage.	TC
John Studley	Medea.	T
Nat. Richards	Messalina.	T
John Lilly	Mydas.	C
John Lilly	Mother Bomby.	C
Sir W. Lower	Martyr.	T
	Massanello.	T
Geo Chapman	May day.	C
John Marston	Malecontent.	TC
Rob. Baron.	Myrza.	T
	The Marriage of Wit and Science.	I
Tho. Middleton	More dissemblers than women.	C
Chr. Marloe	The massacre at Paris.	T
Edw. Sherburn	Medea.	T
W. W.	Menechmus.	C
Geo. Chapman	The Mask of the Middle Temple and Lincolns Inne.	M
La. Eliz. Carew	Mariam.	T
Tho. Lodge	Marius and Scilla.	T
John Lilly	Maids Metamorphosis.	C
J. C.	The Merry milkmaids.	C
Rob. Armin	The Maids of Moorclack.	H
J. S.	Masquarde du Ciel.	M
Rich. Flecknoe	The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia.	M
Tho. Middleton	The Mayor of Quinborough.	T
	Manhood & Wisdome.	
	Mary Magdalens repentance.	
John Milton	Miltons Mask.	M

Noble

N

John Fletcher	NOble Gentleman.	C		Nero newly written.	T
John Fletcher	Nice Vallor, or the Paſſionate mad man.	C	*Deckar & Webſter*	Northward hoe.	C
				Noble ſtranger.	C
				New trick to cheat the divel.	C
Ben. Johnſon	Newes from the new world in the moon.	M	*ben. Johnſon*	New Inne.	C
Ben. Johnſon	Neptunes triumph.	M		Nero's life and death.	T
John Fletcher	Night walker, or Little thief.	C		New Cuſtome.	I
				No body and ſome body.	H
Phil. Meſſinger	New way to pay old debts.	C	*Rich. brome*	The New Academy, or the New Exchange.	C
Sam. Rowly	Noble Spaniſh ſouldier.	T		Nice wanton.	
Rich. brome	Northerne laſſe.	C			
Rich. brome	Novella.	C			

O

Will. Shakeſpear	OThello Moor of Venice.	T	*Lod. Carlile*	Ofmond the great Turk, or the noble ſervant.	T
Ja. Shirley	Opportunity.	C			
Midleton & Rowly	Old law.	C	*L. VV.*	Orgula, or the Fatal Errour.	T
Tho. Goffe	Oreſtes.	T			
Will. Shakeſpeare	Old Caſtles life and death.	H	*Tho. May*	The old Couple.	C
				Orlando Furioſo	H
Alex. Nevile	OEdipus.	T		Old wives tale.	
T. Nuce	Octavia.	T			
VV. Cartwright	Ordinary.	C			
Sir Aten Cockaine	Obſtinate Lady.	C			

P

John Fletcher	PRopheteſſe.	C	*Hen. Killigrew.*	Paſſantus & Eudora.	T
John Fletcher	Pilgrim.	C	*ben. Johnſon*	Pleaſure recon-	M

Ben. Johnſon	Pans Anniverſary.	M
John Fletcher	Philaſter.	C
Ja. Shirley	Polititian.	C
Ja. Shirley	Patrick for Ireland.	H
Phil. Maſſinger	Picture.	C
Sir W. D'Avenant	Platonick Lovers	C
John Ford	Perkin Warbeck.	H
John Ford	Pitty ſhee's a Whore.	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Pericles Prince of Tyre.	H
Rob. Dawbourne	Poor mans comfort.	C
Tho. Middleton	Phœnix.	C
Lod. Carlile	Paſſionate Lovers 1ſt part.	TC
Lod. Carlile	Paſſionate Lovers 2d part.	TC
Will. Lower	Phœnix in her Flames.	T
Geo. Gaſcoign	Pleaſure at Kenelworth Caſtle.	M
Tho. Killigrew	Priſoners.	TC
Sam. Daniel	Phylotas.	T
James Howel	Peleus & Thetis.	M
Ben. Johnſon	Poetaſter.	C
J. S.	Phyllis of Scyros.	P
Jo. Day	The Parliament of Bees.	M
	The Pedlars propheſie.	C
John Heywood	A Play of love.	I
John Heywood	The Play of the Weather.	I
John Heywood	A Play between Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, &c.	I
Joh. Heywood	A Play between the Pardoner and the Frier, the Curate and Neighbour Prat.	I
Joh. Heywood	A Play of Gentleneſſe and Nobility &c. the 1ſt part.	I
John Heywood	A Play of Gentleneſſe and Nobility, &c. the 2d part.	I
Will. Shakeſpeare	The Puritan widow.	C
	The Pinner of Wakefield.	C
	Philotas Scotch.	C
H. H. B.	Plutus.	C
	Patient Griſſel.	C
	Patient Griſſel old.	C
	Promiſes of God manifeſted.	
	Promus and Caſſandra, 2 parts.	
	Plutimio in Terence.	C
	Presbyterian Laſh.	TC

Q.

John Fletcher	Queen of Corinth.	C	*Sam. Daniel*	Queenes Arcadia.	P
Will. Habington.	Queen of Aragon.	TC	*Rich. Brome*	Queen Exchange	C
	Queen, or the excellency of her sex.	C	*Rich. Brome*	The Queen and Concubine.	C

R

Will. Shakespeare	Richard the second.	H	*Lo. Barry*	Ram Ally, or Merrit-ticks.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Richard the 3d.	H		Return from Parnassus.	C
Will. Shakespeare	Romeo and Juliet.	T	*Pet. Hausted*	Rival friends.	C
Geo. Chapman	Revenge for honour.	T	*Ra. Knevet*	Rhodon and Iris.	P
John Fletcher	Rule a wife, and have a wife.	C	*W. Cartwright*	Royal slave.	TC
Ja. Shirley	Royal master.	C		Robert Earl of Huntingdon's down-fall.	H
Tho. Heywood	Royal King, and Loyal subject.	C		Ro. Earl of Huntington' death.	H
Tho. Heywood	Rape of Lucreece.	T	*John Tatham*	The Rump, or a Mirror, &c.	C
Phil. Massinger	Roman Actor.	T		Reward for virtue.	C
Phil. Massinger	Renegado.	C			
Tho. Goffe	Raging Turk.	T	*Tho Middleton*	Roaring Girle.	
Tho. Rawlins	Rebellion.	T		Robin Hoods pastoral May-games.	
Cyrill Tourneur	Revengers Tragedy.	T		Robin conscience	

S

John Fletcher	Spanish Curate.	C	*Ben. Johnson*	Staple of Newes.	C
John Fletcher	Sea voyage.	C	*Tho. Dekker*	Sir Guy.	T
			Ben. Johnson	Sad Shepherd.	C

John Fletcher	Scornful Lady.	C	*Will. Rowly*	Shoomaker a Gentleman.	C
Ia. Shirley	School of compliments.	C	*Ben. Johnſon*	Sejánus.	T
Ia. Shirley	Siſters.	C	*Ben. Johnſon*	Silent woman.	C
Tho. Heywood	Silver age.	H	*W. Cartwright*	Siedge, or loves convert.	TC
Rich. Brome	Sparagus Garden.	C	*Sir W. D'Avenant*	The Siege of Rhodes.	M
Tho. Goffe	Selimus.	T	*Midleton & Rowly*	The Spaniſh Gipſies.	C
Tho. Nabs	Springs glory.	M		Solimon & Perſeda.	C
	Swetnam the woman-hater arraigned.	C		Stukelyes life and death.	H
	Sophiſter.	C	*Tho. Naſh*	Summers laſt will and teſtament.	C
Rob. Chamberlain	Swaggering damſel.	C		See me and ſee me not.	C
	Sicelides.	P	*VValt. Mountague*	The Sheppards Paradiſe.	C
I. G.	Strange Diſcovery.	TC	*Sir John Suckling*	The ſad one.	T
	Suns darling.	P		The Spaniſh Bawd.	TC
John Tateham	Scots Figaries.	C		Suſanna's teares.	
Geo. Giſcoign	Suppoſes.	C		Salmacida ſpolia.	I
Iaſ. Hunter	Sheppards Holy day.	P			
John Marſton.	Sophonisba.	T			
John Lilly	Sapho and Phao.	C			

T

Will. Shakeſpear	TEmpeſt.	C	*Ben. Johnſon*	Tale of a tub.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Twelf night or what you will.	C	*Ben. Johnſon*	Time vindicated to himſelf and to his honors.	M
Will. Shakeſpear	Taming of the ſhrew.	C	*John Fletcher*	Thierry & Theodoret.	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Troylus & Creſida.	T	*John Fletcher*	Two noble kinſmen.	TC
Will. Shakeſpear	Titus Andronicus.	T	*Ia. Shirley*	Traytor.	T
Will. Shakeſpear	Tymon of Athens	T	*Ia. Shirley*	Triumph of peace	M

Ia. Shirley	Triumph of beauty.	M
Tho. Midleton	Trick to catch the old one.	C
Tho. Nabs	Totenham Court	C
W. Rider	Twins.	TC
	True Trojans.	H
Jaſper Heywood	Thyeſtes.	T
Jaſper Heywood	Troas.	T
Tho. Newton	Thebais.	T
	Tamburlaine firſt part.	T
	Tamburlaine 2d part.	T
Geo. Wapull	The tide tarrieth no man.	C
W. Wager	The longer thou liv'ſt, the more fool thou art.	C
	Tom Tyler and his Wife.	I
	The trial of chivalry.	C
W. D'Avenant	The temple of love.	M
Day W. Rowly and Wilkins	The travailes of the three Engliſh brothers, Shirleys.	H
Robert Wilmot	Tancred and Giſmond.	T
Robert Yarington	Two tragedies in one.	T
Geo. Chapman	Two wiſemen & all the reſt fools.	C
Sir Aſton Cokain	Trappolin ſuppos'd a Prince.	TC
	Tyrannical Government.	
	Therſites.	I
G. Chapman	Temple.	M
S. Pordidge	Troades.	T
	Trial of treaſure.	
Webſter & Rowly	Thracian wonder	H

V

Iohn Fletcher	Valentinian.	T
Ben. Johnſon	Viſion of Delight.	M
Sir W. D'Avenant	Unfortunate Lovers.	T
Phil. Maſſinger	Unnatural combat.	T
Phil. Maſſenger	Very woman.	C
Phil. Maſſinger	Virgin Martyr.	T
Tho. Nabs	Unfortunate mother.	T
R. A.	Valiant Welchman.	T
Fr. Quarles	Virgin widow.	C
Will. Sampſon	Vow-breaker.	T
	Valiant Scot.	T
W. Earl of Newcaſtle.	Varieties.	C
Tho. Deckar	Untruſſing the Humorous Poet.	C
Sam. Brandon	The Virtuous Octavia.	TC

W

Will. Shakeſpear.	Winters Tale	C
John Fletcher	Womans prize or	C

John Fletcher	Women pleas'd.	C	*John Marſton*	What you will.	C
John Fletcher	Wife for a month	C	*Tho. Heywood*	Wife woman of Hogsdon.	C
John Fletcher	Wit at ſeveral weapons.	C	*Geo. Chapman*	Widows teares.	C
John Fletcher	Wild Gooſe chaſe.	C	*Tho. Middleton.*	World loſt at tennis.	M
Midleton & Rowly	Widow.	C	*Tho. Iordan*	The walks of Iſlington and Hogsd	C
John Fletcher.	Woman hater.	C			
John Fletcher	VVit without money.	C	*Tho. Middleton*	Women beware women.	T
Ia. Shirly	Witty fair one.	C			
Ia. Shirly	Wedding.	C	*Tho. Middleton*	Wit like a woman's / No Help like a woman's	C
Tho. Heywood	Woman kild with kindneſſe.	C			
Sam. Rowly	When you ſee me you know me.	H	*Nat. Field*	A Woman's a weathercock.	C
				The Wit of a woman.	C
Will. Rowly	Wonder a woman never vex't	C	*Tho. Meriton*	The Wandring lover.	TC
Sir W. D'Avenant	Wits.	C	*Decker & Webſter*	Whats Hiſtory.	H
John Webſter	White Devil.	T	*Rowly, Decker & Ford.*	The Witch of Edmonton.	TC
Tho. Decker	Whore of Babylon.	C	*John Lilly*	The Woman in the moon.	C
Tho. Decker	Wonder of a Kingdome.	C	*Rich. Brome*	The Wedding of the CoventGarden, or the Middleſex Juſtice of &c.	C
Hen. Glapthorne	Wit in a Conſtable.	C			
Decker & Webſter	Weſtward hoe.	C			
	Weakeſt goes to wall.	C			
	Woman will have her will.	C		Warning for fair women.	T
	Wily beguil'd.	C		VVealth & health	
	Wine, Beer, ale, and tobacco.	I			

Y

Ja. Shirley	YOung Admiral.	C	*Tho. Middleton*	Your five Gallants.	C
Will. Shakeſpear	Yorkſhire tragedy	T			